

THE RAG BAG.

Dolly and Will Discuss "Devotion" and Some of the Duties of Life.

Will came in a few evenings since and dropping into a chair said, "Dolly, was I very much devoted to you during the old courting days?"

"Devoted?" I answered, "why Will, what do you mean? Pa used to say, you just about lived at our house and cousin Belle once remarked to me, that of all the sick snipes she ever saw you were the worst, but maybe that isn't exactly what you wanted to know my dear, eh?"

"Well, not exactly," Will said, with a kind of a sheepish grin and sidelong look from his eyes, "but was I perfectly devoted in the sense that I was willing to forego personal comfort, and sacrifice many of the little habits I had formed when I ran with the boys—the boys, you know Dolly?"

"Good gracious Will, how should I know what you sacrificed, you didn't smoke or chew or gamble or swear, or do anything of that kind that I was aware of, and you let on to me that you were a member of the Y. M. C. A. and did not smoke or have the delirium jim-jams," I said, laughing, "but why do you ask? Are you a base fraud after all?"

"Oh no, it isn't that, Dolly, but I was told to-day that a certain friend of mine was perfectly devoted to a young lady that lives in the west end, and that a few nights ago he pawned his best pants to get money to take her to the theatre. Such devotion as that is a little remarkable, it seems to me."

"Well yes, it is," I answered, "but you know best whether you ever displayed your devotion to me in the manner you speak of, or not. Come to think of it, if you did such a foolish thing, it must have been your best nether garment you pawned, for, as I recollect, you always had your worst pair on." I jokingly responded; "but, Will, seriously speaking, there are young men, plenty of them, like the young man you mention d, who sacrifice everything to please some capricious girl, and as a rule, the girl fools 'em to the top of her bent, because she has no respect for him. A manly man who loves a woman in a manly fashion, is worth more than all the sighing, assuming creatures of the above stamp, put together. A manly man would not ask a woman to accompany him to the theatre or any other place, unless he could afford to foot the bills in a proper manner, and let me tell you that the following, which I find in the 'rag bag,' is gospel truth:

"The lover who writes the sweetest valentine poetry before marriage, does not always make the sort of husband who will bring up the cool, and gently soothe the waiting twins, five years after the marriage day."

Will laughed as I read, and said, as he opened the evening paper and settled back in his chair, "I am glad I never wrote valentine, poetry Dolly." And looking at Bessie and baby Blossom, and remembering Will's tender care of them, I am a little glad myself that he never attempted that impossible feat.

Mrs. — has just called on me and as she is something of a gossip, not a mean vile gossip, you know, with the slime of somebody's reputation on her tongue, but one who hears what is openly going on around her and tells it—told me a rather curious thing concerning a well-known couple in this city. In substance this is the way of it. The couple have two beautiful little children, the one a babe in arms, the other just able to manage its wee round legs in locomotion and as they, the parents, are professional people they desire to part with their children, make them a present to some kindly childless philanthropist, who will adopt as his or her own. At first glance there would seem to be some reason to think that the plan would be advisable, since, certainly two small children must be a great hindrance to people who are constantly engaged by professional duties. But oh, how could they part with their little tender, clinging children, their own flesh and blood, their nestlings, their "gifts from God," as somebody has beautifully called them. I am sure no parent, no real parent, in the world could understand any motive, any gain, any peace or any happiness, in knowing that other hands ministered to the "wants" to which they alone should give response, other hearts sheltered, other voices called their own dear little ones. I am quite sure they could not understand.

Then think of it! It is not the mere physical wants that would need attention; but how dare any parent give into the training of a stranger, the immortal soul which they alone should be responsible for? These are the questions which seem to me to require an answer, and when I told

Will about it this evening, he said to me, while he clasped our little children in his arms, "God gave us these precious souls, Dolly. He will hold us responsible do we fail in doing our duty by them, and—

"Please God, that when this life is o'er, And earth no more we'll roam, We'll enter thro' the gates of bliss, And go together home."

I have a great fondness for American poets, I never tire of our dear Longfellow and Joaquin Miller and the others and it was with regret I heard of the death of Benjamin F. Taylor, the well known poet who has written so many pretty things, not elaborate or of that school wherein the admirers of Swinburne delight to revel, but just those little heart songs which like the perfume from an old fashioned garden, where sweet marjory and clove pinks dwell, comes refreshingly to the world-worn and weary.

Speaking of the dead poet, Will reminds me that he was an uncle of that charming little lady, Mrs. J. L. Holloway, of this city and on the occasion of her marriage he sent her a volume of his poems. Truly, I am sorry he is dead, we have so many scribblers and so few poets, we can ill afford to part with the latter. Who can read Taylor's 'Isle of the Long ago' and say that it is not exquisite in versification and musical with rhythm. You may not have read it recently, and so I have taken it from the 'rag bag' and will give it to you:

"Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it flows through the realm of years,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between;
And the years in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical climate,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper's chime,
And the June with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
They are heaps of dust, but we love them so!

There are trinkets and tresses of hair,
There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of a infant's prayer,
There's a harp unwept and a lute without strings.

There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garment that she used to wear,
There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle
All the day of our life till night,
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,

May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.
Ah! I wonder, as the poet's eyes
"Closed in slumber awhile," if the
"Greenwood of soul" was in sight—I trust that it was, and that it may also be in sight when "slumber awhile" closes the eyes of,
Yours,
DOLLY.

Cocaine, Iodoform or Mercurials in any form in the treatment of catarrh or hay fever should be avoided, as they are both injurious and dangerous. Iodoform is easily detected by its offensive odor. The only reliable catarrh remedy on the market today is Ely's Cream Balm, being free from all poisonous drugs. It has cured thousands of acute and chronic cases, where all other remedies have failed. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain, agreeable to use. Price 50 cents of druggist.

Fined for Selling a "Billy" to a Minor.

It is rather a foolhardy thing to sell weapons to a minor, as John Wilson, of this city, has learned to his cost. Last Thursday a boy named Henry Rowen was arrested by officer James Gosage for carrying what is known as a "billy." Rowen was taken before Justice Levens and fined \$30, and being unable to contribute that sum to the city's finances, was obliged to go on the rock pile. Yesterday relatives of Rowen filed a complaint with prosecuting attorney Lamm against John Wilson as having been the party who sold the "billy" to Rowen. Squire Fisher issued a warrant for Wilson's arrest, and upon an investigation of the matter, Wilson was fined \$50 and costs, amounting in all to \$65, which sum he was unable to pay, and he now languishes in hotel de Murray, and sadly ruminates upon his folly.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injure the complexion, induce pimples, yellow skin, etc. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Items of Interest to Play-Goers From Everywhere.

—Lucca is very proud of a gold medal given her by the king of Sweden.

—John Gilbert, the actor, is seventy-seven years of age, and has been on the stage fifty-nine years.

—Miss Emma Sidal, the well-known singing soubrette, is married, and her husband is now a resident of Sedalia.

—Ruddygore, it is asserted, is a deliberate "crib" from a comic opera entitled The Crimson Mask, written twenty years ago by the late John Brougham.

—Irene Currey is the name of a musical wonder in San Francisco. She is only 6 years old, and her performance of piano solos is highly spoken of.

—French people are said to be indignant about the "Parley Voo" song in "Ruddygore," although the satire is evidently directed against the English trait of boastfulness.

—The "Edipus noloneus" of Sophocles will be produced at the University of Cambridge, England, in October. The music will be by Charles Villiers Stanford, the composer of "Savonarola" and "The Canterbury Pilgrims."

—Mr. Boucicault will visit only five cities next season. He will play ten weeks in New York, nine weeks in Boston, five in Chicago, four in Philadelphia, and six in San Francisco, and nowhere else. He will not return to England.

—Minnie Hauck has signed contracts for an operative tour through Belgium and Holland, including Brussels, Antwerp, La Hague, Amsterdam, etc., during the month of March. She will sing in Carmen, Nani, Lohengrin and L'Africaine.

—Geo. C. Minn, who succeeded Rev. Robert Laird Collier as rector of the Unity church, Chicago, and who abandoned the pulpit and took to the stage six years ago, having been an actor all this time, play his first St. Louis engagement at Pope's theater.

—London Dramatic Review: "The Queen is very anxious to see 'Faust,' and either next month or in May there will be a private performance at the Lyceum on Wednesday afternoon for the exclusive benefit of her Majesty and any members of the royal family she may see fit to invite."

—May Fortescue, the new English beauty, and one of the richest dressers on the stage, will be seen at the Grand in St. Louis, next week. She opens in Gretchen and plays Frou Frou and Metus during her engagement. Miss Fortescue was the social rage in New York, and recently in Philadelphia Mr. and Mrs. George W. Childs made success easy and pronounced by their endorsement of her. She came to this country recommended by the Baroness Burdett-Couts and many prominent English people.

—Marcus Mayer and Miss Fortescue are to be married in June. It is an open secret that the lady developed a most thorough attachment for Mr. Mayer from the start—an attachment indeed, which Mr. Mayer returns with interest. Mr. Mayer is to be congratulated. Miss Fortescue (Finney) is a member of a good, honest English commercial family, and will, beside bringing him a fair share of the world's goods, make him a good wife. The marriage will take place in Boston, and the happy pair will then go on a wedding tour to California. Miss Fortescue was seen at White's, Detroit, last week.

—The New York Sun says: The weak point of "Ruddygore" is neither in the music nor the words—both are good, though not the best their authors can do. The plot is poor, both weak and involved, and the ending completely inadequate. A girl who hesitates between two lovers, and a man who by a curse is doomed every day to unwittingly commit a crime of some sort, are the two principal factors in the plot. There is a strong strain upon the imagination for the needs of consistency. "Ruddygore" is interesting, and well worth seeing as given at the Fifth Avenue. Yet in view of the position already attained by its authors, their fame will gain nothing by their new venture.

—Madame Modjeska has just completed a most successful engagement at Colonel Sinn's Park theatre in Brooklyn. I remember Madame Modjeska's entrance into a room at the Carendon hotel one night last week. She is like and graceful as ever. She came into the apartment through a thick screen of tropical plants. She wore a silk gown, green and sheeny, fitting like a glove, and, as she came in glittering and undulating, she reminded me of a beautiful serpent. Not that Madame Modjeska has any of the Lania nature in her. She is one of the sweetest as certain y one of the most graceful women on

the stage. The Countess Bozenta is a very fortunate woman if she were well, but unhappily her lungs, in spite of her silvery voice, are affected. It is a pity that Madame Modjeska does not play "Cleopatra." It would give her opportunities of great and high feeling.—New York Star.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate were recorded in the register of deeds office for the week ending yesterday evening:

C. A. Leftwich and wife to M. G. Reese, 120 acres, section 27, township 47, range 20, \$850.

G. C. Black and wife to Wm F. Shaw, 120 acres, section 27, township 47, range 20, one ninth interest, \$125.

Nicholas Markes to E. Hasfurther, 10 acres, section 21, township 44, range 20, \$200.

James A. Farr to Jas. M. Van Wagner, 167 acres section 1 township 44, range 23, \$1,750.

Mary J. Harrison and husband to George R. Shively, 16½ acres, section 23, township 46, range 21, \$600.

John Montgomery, jr., and wife to W. F. Hansberger, block of ground on Broadway and Grand avenue, Sedalia, \$3,000.

Albert Parker and Julia Parker to Wm. N. Rodgers, 40 acres, section 16, township 45, range 21; \$753.

N. M. Murphy to James N. Toomas, 9 1-100 acres, section 15, township 45, range 21; \$275.

Henry Lamm and wife to B. F. Slerion, 350 acres, sections 23, 24 and 25, township 47, range 23; \$7,500.

C. E. Walker to W. F. Shaw, 120 acres, section 27, township 47, range 20; \$175.

Sarah N. Hall and husband to Daniel Reavis, 30 acres, section 14, township 46, range 23; \$500.

Jos. C. Higgins to H. Clay Higgins, 400 acres, section 23, township 47, range 23; \$6,000.

A. J. Hall to R. E. Guthrie, land in Lamotte; \$200.

Allen Parker and wife to Wm. H. Rodgers, 70 acres section 23, township 45, range 22; \$1,000.

J. B. Richter and wife to Julia E. Gallie, lot 5, block 2, Lett's addition to Sedalia; \$150.

E. R. Blair and wife to Sallie N. Dick, lot in Ritter's addition; \$850.

J. L. McDowell and wife to Mary H. Boyer, lot in Kumm and Lesh's addition to Sedalia; \$500.

Oliver Bohon and wife to J. D. Briggs, 10 acres, section 30, township 45, range 21; \$150.

R. T. Miller and wife to Mrs. M. E. Burton, lot 1, block 35, Smith and Martin's second addition to Sedalia; \$1,600.

Capital Removal Defeated.

As will be seen by our Jefferson City dispatches, the resolution submitting to the voters of the state a constitutional amendment locating the permanent seat of government at Sedalia was defeated. This intelligence did not surprise the Gazette. While zealously advocating the removal of the capital to some more accessible and desirable point than Jefferson City, this newspaper has persistently urged that the resolution should have given the people an opportunity to select the location, instead of compelling them to vote for one particular city, or not at all. Sedalia was not the preference of a large number of those who favored removal, but the friends of that city stubbornly maintained their original advocacy of Sedalia, leaving no alternative but to support their proposition. This alternative was accepted as a last resort, but with little or no hope of success. We still rely upon the good judgment of the general assembly to defeat the bill appropriating a quarter of a million dollars for the improvement of the state house. The sum is inadequate for the commencement of a new building, and it would be the acme of folly to apply that amount toward the patching up of a structure which half a century ago was erected for less money than is now proposed to be expended for its improvement. With an appropriation of half a million dollars biennially for five years, Missouri can build a state house commensurate with the greatness of the fifth state in the union in population and wealth and the first in natural resources. Let the thirty-fourth general assembly adopt this plan. Or, in the name of common sense, and in the interest of the people of this generation and the generations to come, let there be no legislation with reference to the capitol building until 1889. A delay of two more years can do no harm, and when a question of such vast importance is involved, no legislation is far safer than hasty and ill-considered legislation. Therefore, if it is deemed impossible during the present session, now drawing to its close, to adopt initiatory measures looking toward the erection of a suitable state house, surely the members of this general assembly can afford to give their successors an opportunity to do so two years hence.

NICK'S "PITS."

A Winter's Siege With the Small Pox in Sedalia—Its Victims and the Cost.

How W. J. Nichols Inaugurated a Pest House Out of a Smoke House.

The recent appointment of W. J. Nichols to the position of general western passenger agent of the Bee Line, with head quarters at St. Louis, brings to mind some very pleasant and also unpleasant reminiscences of "Nick's" residence in Sedalia.

"Nick," as he was familiarly called by all the boys, was a clerk in the M. K. & T. offices at the time this story commences. There were a number of young men here then and they made the town pretty hot, when they were out for a lark, of course in mischief, and not in malice. What the "gang" could not devise, and what job they could not put up to make some poor fellow sweat, if they undertook to do so, was not worth thinking about. In this, several Sedalia young ladies, now most worthy wives, would assist in a spirit of playful frolic—assist in raising a tenderfoot young clerk, a stranger, of course, out of his boots, and make him wish he had never seen the town, because of some practical joke that had been perpetrated at his expense.

SMALL POX.

It was in the latter part of October or the first of November, 1872, Joel H. Ainsworth emigrated from Kentucky to Sedalia. He brought a large family with him. On the 9th of November Joel was taken sick. But a few days elapsed, when it was discovered that he had the small pox. Later, his two daughters, Jennie and Cora, both were taken sick with the same dreadful contagion. The father died first, and later both daughters surrendered, and crossed to the other shore. Anna, Jessie and Lucy Ainsworth, other daughters all had varioloid and recovered. They occupied a house on the southeast corner of Sixth and Osage streets.

"NICK" HAS GOT IT.

About the 1st of December, "Nick" and Chas. McCrary, then clerking for Bard & Miller roomed together over the drug store on Main street. "Nick" was taken sick. "First he was only slightly sick and his old comrades would gather around his bachelor bed and make things howl, night after night, until it grew to be a little too-too for the sick man and they desisted.

Dr. Johnson, then living on the Barrett place, called at Bard & Miller's one day and the following conversation was held:

Billy—Doctor, I just wish you would go up stairs and see "Nick"; I fear he's got the small pox.

Doctor—Well, I will tell you, but I reckon he's got nothing of the kind. Get me a magnifying glass and I'll tell you.

Billy Bard darted across Main street to L. Kumm's jewelry store and borrowed the desired article.

The Doctor and Billy proceeded up stairs and the Doctor brought the glass to bear on the sick man's cuticle. After making a careful survey, the doctor gave a satisfied whistle, as he looked into Billy's eyes and winked.

This settled it, and Billy was sure that "Nick" had the small pox, although no one said a word.

The doctor then pronounced it a "case of small-pox of the most virulent kind."

WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

"Nick's" case looked serious. The under jaws of "the gang" dropped, and they all ceased to "shy their castors" into that ring. The next day Billy Bard went to the Barrett place and took possession of the smoke house. He carted the meat away and put the building in a shape to be converted into a hospital, with a stove and bed and bedding.

ALL THIS TIME

the true condition of the contagion was kept from the people. The newspapers did not spread the news, and of course everybody in Sedalia was interested in keeping it quiet, and those dying were buried at night. The next night after Mr. Bard had fixed up the temporary hospital at the smoke house, "Nick" was moved. It was three o'clock in the morning when a representative of the Bazaar was walking along Main street and saw a double carriage hitched in front of the Bard & Miller drug store. Not a human being was in sight. It was excessively cold and a slight spurt of snow was falling. The newspaper man watched for some little time and nothing more was visible, except a very dimly burning gas jet in the store. Not satisfied with the appearance of things, the paper man seated himself in the stairway leading to Smith's opera house and watched for developments. In a little time several men came down the stairs carrying something which was deposited in the carriage. Nothing could be seen,

clearly, except one person. It was light enough to discern

JOE PELTIER.

The carriage drove West on Main street, and was soon lost to the sense of seeing and hearing, and the street was all quiet, but the gas jet still burned dimly in the store, until it was lost in daylight. The next day the newspaper man interrogated Billy Bard as to the events of the night, but of course, got no information. The streets were watched anxiously and closely all day for Joe Peltier. But he did not show up, hence, nothing was learned. It was weeks after before much was known, and the details of that night's work were only fully known yesterday, to the reporter.

"Nick" had a hard time to get well in the smoke house. The place was comfortable, but he was a very sick man. Joe Peltier stuck by "Nick." Joe had had the smallpox, consequently it was "just to his hand." Later on, and before "Nick" recovered, a man named F. W. Curtis died before his eyes—died a horrible death, a raving maniac, from the awful contagion. Curtis was stricken down before the pest house was completed, and he was put in the smoke house with "Nick." His antecedents are unknown.

THE PEST HOUSE.

Dr. J. W. Trader was city physician at the time, and of course the management of these contagious diseases and the caring for their victims devolved upon him. He built a pest house on a cheap plan somewhere south of the city. He completed it at night, and the next day took stoves, bedding, furniture, etc., to put in it, and it was then ready for occupancy. Next morning, however, he found that the building was gone, but after a little search it was found one-half mile away. It had been moved during the night by the people in the vicinity who objected to its location near them.

ROLL CALL.

The following are the names of those who were sick. Some of those named were treated in the pest house while others were treated at their quarantined homes:

*Joe Ainsworth, *Jennie Ainsworth, *Cora Ainsworth, Arthur Sloan, J. G. Sloan, Adele Sloan, Anna Ainsworth, Jessie Ainsworth, Lucy Ainsworth, Mrs. Parker, George Parker, Delphine Parker, W. L. Robinson, Henry Crowther, *F. W. Curtis, J. R. Miller, Thos. Taylor, *Albert Todd, colored, W. J. Nichols, Wm. Campbell, Sally Todd, colored, Willie Hewett, *Rose Ann Hewett, *Roberson, colored, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Robertson, Claiborn Blanton, Dr. B. M. Blanton, Mrs. Annie Blanton, Chas. Blanton, Bent Blanton, Miss Henry, Wm. Dewes, Carrie Brazelton, Frank Norton, John McClure, *York Johnson, colored Emmett Beard, *Jno. Holland, Mrs. Margaret Roberts, John Deacon, Mrs. Lewis, *Enos Roberts, *Herman Heusler, Sophia _____, S. A. Warden, W. Irvine, Stephen Crapton and *Nancy Irvine.

EXPENSES.

The following is a summary of the expenses of the scourge:

Building and furnishing pest house.....	\$573 68
Blankets and clothing.....	501 70
Nurses and attendants.....	59 50
Undertakers and grave digging.....	59 50
E. W. Curtis, expenses.....	45 00
W. J. Nichols.....	197 55
Coal at pest house.....	35 75
Groceries at pest house.....	50 00
Total.....	\$1,622 87

The bill for the care of "Nick" was paid up in full by him after his recovery.

BURNED.

The carriage used to haul "Nick" to the Johnson smoke house, did service all during the scourge, and belonged to Dr. R. T. Miller. Subsequently it was burned. The pest house, after it was abandoned, when the contagion had subsided and Joe Peltier had turned a key on the place, was set on fire by some persons who were offended at its location and it went up in flames.

BURYING THE DEAD.

Early in the action, when the Ainsworth's died, some trouble was experienced in getting them buried. Owners of express could not be induced to haul them to their resting places. "Necessity, the mother of invention" in many cases, was in this. The parties who were called upon to bury the Ainsworth girls, failing to get any one to take them to the cemetery, found, north of the railroad, in a yard used by the old Southwest stage company a couple of wheels. With these wheels a rude cart was made, and the bodies of these people, as they died, were put into this vehicle, while one man pulled the other pushed, and thus they were transported at night and buried.

Thus it was—the history has been briefly told. To Doctor J. W. Trader belongs the credit of carrying city the through the pestilence as well as it was. He acted bravely. He acted wisely and discretely.

*died.